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my question but changed the subject and started giving more examples: anti-Welsh and anti-Scottish feelings are part of his repertoire of information. He asked me if I wanted to read some of his work and I of course did. No individual sentences make sense but the "sequence of ideas" is bizarre, not in the same that stream of consciousness writing is bizarre, to be sure. I am practically at a loss to describe what I read: a sequence of examples from a mechanical engineering / "how-to" book into which are mixed first-person recollections about parents and grand-parents as well as bits and pieces of contemporary news and happenings and ramblings on persecutions effected years ago by the Welsh and Scotch. Is this Carbondale's James Joyce that I am describing? I think not. What is so fascinating is that he writes down what is going on in his mind and in his daily work -- which is what I do. Does this man have a structure? If this man did not write down what he does, I would dismiss him as "crazy" and leave it at that. But he writes down what goes on in his mind and in his work and so he is fascinating. Is it a question of his not being very bright? Perhaps that is it. When Jack asked him to help out on the machine that Jack runs, this man "snapped to" as one says and performed his job with great care and efficiency. As soon as he is given the opportunity (Jack suggests they take a break, for example), however, he flips into a realm occupied only by himself. His behavioral pattern is fascinating. I imagine that many of his co-workers will not even give him the time of day. Jack spoke highly of him as a worker. John and his father and I chatted about the motorcycle ride that was scheduled for Saturday and John suggested that I sleep at 46 Canaan ^{at 10:30 PM} so as to be ready to leave very early. OK, said I. "Let me go home and get myself organized" and so John and I took our leave and came here and I changed and gathered together warm clothes for the motorcycle trip. John was very excited about my staying over at his parents' house. As I organized myself, he looked through my records and asked if I had Beethoven's Fifth and said that he felt like listening to it. He was making a very clear and conscious effort to make sure that I